

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Great Northern Paper Company Records

Manuscripts

---

10-1925

## The Northern, October, 1925

Great Northern Paper Company

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/great\\_northern](https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/great_northern)



Part of the [Genealogy Commons](#)

---

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Great Northern Paper Company Records by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).



*The*  
**Northern**  
*October 1925*



# The Northern

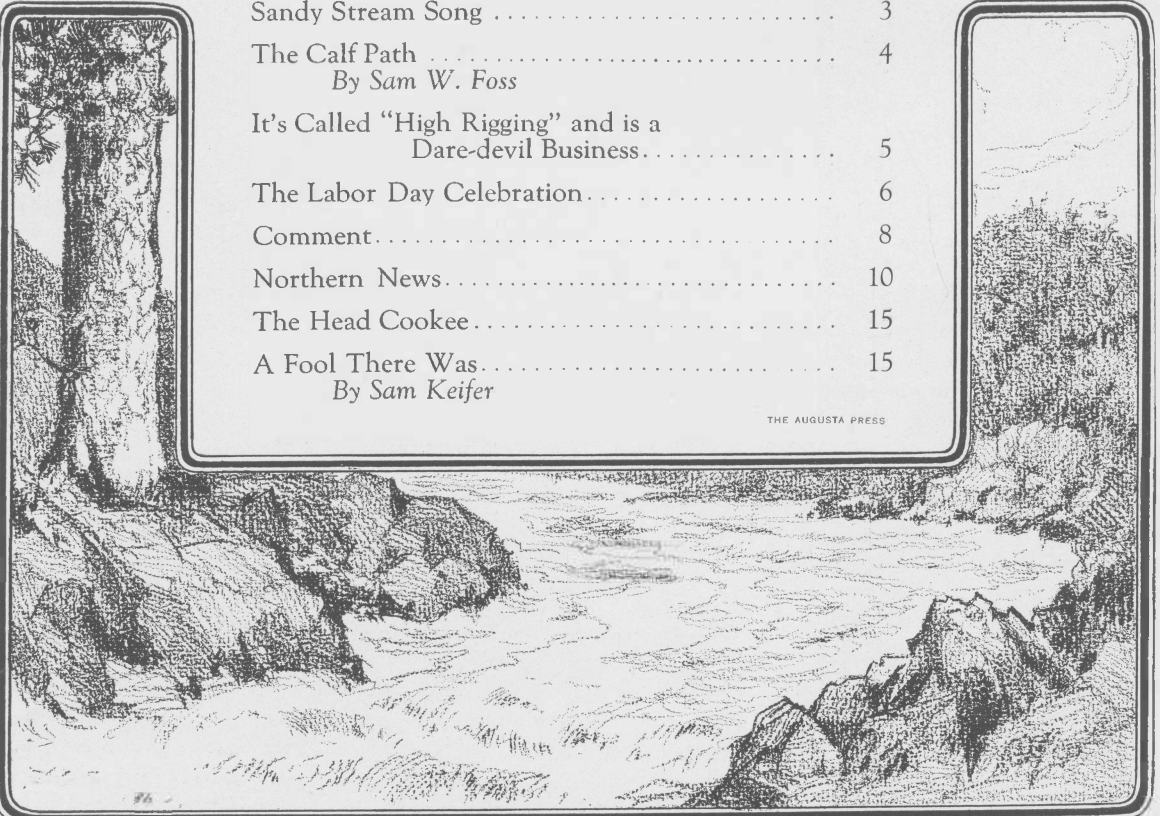
A. G. Hempstead, *Superintendent Social Service*  
Editor

W. M. Creegan, Hugh Desmond, *Associate Editors*

Vol. V. OCTOBER, 1925 No. 7

Pittston Farm .....	Cover
By Milford Baker	
Sandy Stream Song .....	3
The Calf Path .....	4
By Sam W. Foss	
It's Called "High Rigging" and is a Dare-devil Business.....	5
The Labor Day Celebration.....	6
Comment.....	8
Northern News.....	10
The Head Cookee.....	15
A Fool There Was.....	15
By Sam Keifer	

THE AUGUSTA PRESS







# The Northern

Published by the Social Service Division  
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY  
SPRUCE WOOD DEPARTMENT



## Sandy Stream Song

THE Sandy Stream operation was begun about 1874, if not in that year. At the time, Edwin A. Reed, 31 years old, was engaged with his father in the manufacture of shingles and lumber in Springfield, Maine. Those were the days of crude, hard labor in lumbering. Sandy Stream had never been driven. For six miles at the upper end the stream was very rapid and it was a ten-mile stream into Millinocket Lake. The telephone and dynamite were not then in use. With four oxen, some gunpowder and the old fashioned fuse, the operators did what they could to clear the stream and build their dams. This lumbering operation took three years and was a financial loss in the end. The first year a crew of 75 men drove 17 days without getting out a log. Yet for a mile and a half along the wood road the logs stood 40 tier deep. The prospects of the season were shattered when the new dam above the falls (Hersey Dam) went out. This hung the drive and was a great setback. The dam had to be re-built the second year and this so delayed operations that it was necessary to return a third year to get the logs out. In the meantime the price of lumber went down so that the Reeds were heavy losers. They were many times advised to save themselves by going into bankruptcy, but the singer's hero was made of different metal:

'He fears no ills, he pays his bills,  
And things go merrily on.'

'The original crew consisted of 25 men. Later Mr. Reed came

back to Springfield and hired 50 men additional. Of these 25 set out with Mr. Reed on the 20th day of April. The adventures of this crew are what inspired the singer. The crew put up at a tavern in Medway where they incurred the wrath of an ill-natured landlord by knocking some of the banisters from his rickety stair-rail. The landlord tried to collect damages but his only pay was in song. From Medway the crew followed the upper shore of the West Branch, across Millinocket Stream, then up to the tote-road to the old supply camp on the west shore of Millinocket Lake.

"As the camp had been used during the winter, its timbers were fairly dry. The Reed crew made itself comfortable by means of a roaring fire in the fireplace. It was an old-fashioned camp with a fireplace at the center of the shack and a hole in the roof for a chimney. While the men slept the fire soared and the camp caught fire. Everything burned. In the morning these 25 men and their captain were 15 miles from the driving camp, hungry, without food, and five feet of April snow. The snow was so deep and soft that the men were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees. For four miles they found it easier to wade in the river than to crawl on the snow. It was all hard work. The men took turns leading the way and breaking the path. All the crew became fagged before the end of the trail was reached, so that Mr. Reed covered the last three miles alone. He was the only one who

knew the way and the only one who had the pluck to keep going. As soon as he reached the driving camps, he sent men back along the trail with food to meet those who were coming. The song gives local color to these events.

"The author of the song was a member of the crew, a cheap jack, but a good singer. His name and destiny are forgotten, except that he was finally guilty of some offence which sent him to Thomaston."

—The Lewiston Journal.

Come all you river drivers,  
Wherever you may be,  
I pray you, pay attention now  
And listen unto me.

Of the hardships that we underwent  
We did but little dream,  
As with brave hearts we marched  
along  
To drive on Sandy Stream.

T'was the twentieth day of April  
We left the town of Lee;  
Bein' full of fun and frolicsome,  
We jogged on merrily,

Until we arrived at Medway  
Late in the e-ve-nin'  
To stop that night and enjoy  
ourselves,  
When all hands did begin!

The landlord then in one of his fits,  
Like a demon did appear,  
With eyeballs fierce and glaring,  
He would fill your heart with  
fear.

GNPCOM

An empty bag cannot stand upright



He ordered us to stop our noise  
Or quit his house straightway,  
An' he'd keep no more an open door  
In that one-horse town, Medway.

So early the next morning  
Our employer, he did say:  
"Come now, my boys, get ready,  
For we must haste away."

We marched along in single file,  
And good time we did make  
Until we arrive at a logging camp  
At Millinocket Lake.

And some being tired and weary  
Lay down and went to sleep,  
While others, being wide awake,  
Happened a watch to keep.

Simon Norton, being wide awake,  
When the fire, it first began:  
To put it out, he quickly said  
Was beyond the power of man.

The alarm of fire being given  
Each man sprang to his feet,  
With blinding eyes and wild alarm  
Took the first thing he could meet.

Some lost their boots, some lost  
their shoes,  
And some their hats likewise;  
Our provisions were our greatest  
loss,  
There burning before our eyes.

Our provisions being all destroyed,  
We waited for the morning gleam  
To pursue our way thru the rugged  
files  
To the camps on Sandy Stream.

When the morning light, it did  
appear,  
Our employer led the van,  
And by his strenuous efforts proved  
To be no common man.

He plowed along most bravely,  
Though tired, weary and lame,  
Until he arrived at his logging  
camps  
On the banks of Sandy Stream.

Without loss of time he did dispatch  
A man with food straightway  
To meet these weary travelers  
And help them on their way.

Until into camp they all did come  
And forgot in pleasant dreams  
Their laborious voyage and loss by  
fire  
On the way to Sandy Stream.

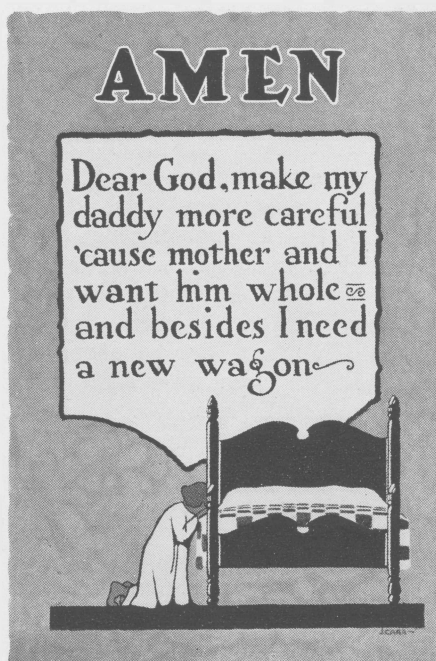
Now we are safely landed  
And patiently do we wait  
For the blue etherial vaults of  
heaven  
To open their flood gate.

May the rain come down in torrents  
All with the morning gleam,  
And keep the foaming waters up  
While we drive on Sandy Stream.

Three cheers for our employer,  
All dangers he does scorn;  
He fears no ills, he pays his bills,  
And things go merrily on.

With this faint attempt at poetry  
I'll now conclude my song.

Amusement and recreation are  
the very things that make our work-  
ing hours profitable. He who carves  
so steadily that he has no time to  
sharpen his knife, works with dull  
tools and cannot make much head-  
way.— *Henry Ward Beecher.*



—American Mutual Liability Ins. Co.

GNPCOR

## THE CALF PATH

By Sam W. Foss

One day through the primeval wood,  
A calf walked home, as good calves should;

But made the trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,  
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day,  
By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then a wise bell-wether sheep,  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,  
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade,  
Through those old woods a path was made;

And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath,  
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—  
The first migrations of that calf;

And through this winding woodway stalked,  
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,  
That bent and turned and turned again:

This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse, with his load,

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,  
And travelled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half,  
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet;  
The road became a village street;

And this, before the men were 'ware,  
A city's crowded thoroughfare;

And soon the central street was this  
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half  
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout  
Followed the zig-zag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went  
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led  
By one calf near three centuries dead;

They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent  
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this must teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach.

There was never a good knife made of bad steel

For men are prone to go it blind,  
Along the calf-paths of the mind.

And work away from sun to sun,  
And do what other men have done.

They follow in a beaten track,  
And out and in and forth and back;

But still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,  
Who saw that first primeval calf.

And many things this tale might teach—  
But I am not ordained to preach.

## It's Called "High Rigging" and Is a Dare-devil Business

**H**IGH-RIGGING is one of the most perilous and least known of all occupations. The deep-sea diver and the airplane pilot are the spoiled heroes of romance and the daily news, but they incur no greater risks than the dare-devils of the remote logging camps who, at an altitude of 200 feet, lop off the tops of "spar trees."

Until ten years ago it was the practice of lumber camps to haul the logs laboriously along "skid roads," where obstructions of one kind or another frequently delayed progress. To-day the logs are half-lifted and half-pulled to a central point by a cable which is made to reach out in any direction from a pulley at the top of the spar tree. The fore end of the log is lifted high off the ground over stumps and windfalls; the other end drags on the ground. It is in rigging up the spar tree that the high climber comes in for his dangerous work. The top must be lopped off so as to prevent "switching" when the spar is subsequently subjected to jerking strains. The *Southern Lumberman* thus describes his task:

"Attaching a rope belt around his body after passing it about the tree, the high climber digs in with his spurs and begins the ascent. The tree is usually from 200 to 260 feet high, and five or six feet in diameter at the base. As he climbs he lops off the limbs, which frequently do not begin till he has reached a hundred feet in height.

"At a point say, fifty feet from the tree top, or from 150 to 200 from the ground, he begins cutting off the tree top. Some high climbers do

this with only an ax, but most fell the top in the manner employed by ordinary fallers in bringing down big trees, using a small cross-cut saw, with which they start the 'undercut' and put in the 'backcut.' The former is the big notch cut in one side of the tree to control the direction of its fall; the latter is made from the opposite side and consists of sawing cross-wise toward the undercut. \* \* \* \* \* When the top falls, it gives the 'butt' a kick and it begins swaying violently through an arc of 40 to 60 feet. The high climber becomes a high 'clinger' for ten minutes while the tree regains its usual immobility, holding on with his 'irons' and his belt.

"The gravest danger is that the tree may split when the top is falling. In such cases the operator must think and act quickly; otherwise the splitting tree trunk will enlarge to a point where his rope belt will draw in and break his back. He has two avenues of escape in cases of this sort, and he has no time to lose in either. One is to throw off his belt and cling to the unsplit section of the tree with his bare hands. This demands rare courage and strength, for as the tree falls the splintered trunk whips the man to and fro with great violence.

"The other means of escape, and the one most frequently used, is to loosen the slip knot in the belt, pull out the spurs and drop straight down the side of the tree until the widening trunk stops the fall. Many cases of this kind are on record. The high climbers were badly bruised and cut by the bark, but their quick action saved their lives.

"Sometimes the top of the tree,

in falling, does not remain on the butt as a pivot, but slides off. Therein lies another danger. The man seeks safety on the side of the tree opposite the one on which it is dropping."

After "topping" the "spar," the climber descends to the ground, loads himself with a pulley and a lead strap, re-ascends to the top, attaches the pulley to the trunk with the strap, and hauls up all the necessary rigging. Sometimes large iron pulleys with sheaves forty inches wide and weighing 1,600 pounds are used. The pay of the high climbers runs from \$7 to \$12 a day, although in some camps the high climber works perhaps not more than twenty-four hours a month.

Reprint from *Current Opinion*.

### Devices Of Satan

This bit of history is quoted in "Railroad Men" from remarks made by the Rev. Fred Eastman of the Presbyterian Board:

"It has been less than 100 years since a school board in Ohio passed this resolution addressed to some young men:

" 'You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in. But such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam, He would have foretold it by the mouth of His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to carry the souls of the faithful down to hell.' "

Timothy Finn and Clarence Sargent boarded the boat at Northeast Carry to go down the lake to Kineo. As he reached the dock, Timmy did a hornpipe for the edification of the crowd on the dock. Clarence lifted Tim in his arms and threatened to throw him overboard.

"Throw me in," yelled Timmy without a struggle. "Throw me in, but ye can't sink me! I'm a Cor-r-k man!"

GNPCOR

Wealth and contentment are not always bedfellows

## The Labor Day Celebration

**T**HE celebration of Labor Day at Seboomook proved to be an enjoyable event, quite up to the standard set last year. Fully four hundred up-river people, employees and their families, participated in the celebration.

The Katahdin, Captain "Wink" Meservey, left Greenville at 7.30 in the morning, stopping at Kineo Station for additions to her cargo. Arriving at Seboomook just before 11.00 o'clock, the smaller children were left at the Children's Playground in the birch grove and the field sports were in order, with Mr. A. B. Chaplin wielding the megaphone. The early sports were a bit slow in starting, owing to the fact that the Moosehead had gone aground nearby and had to be towed off by the Katahdin, a counter attraction that few could resist. Once under way, the races went forward smoothly, after the competitors had conquered that perennial shyness that makes its appearance on this sort of day. It must be in the air, for even the folks that are good sports in everyday life, and



The Morrill Brothers in Action

who have signed up for one event after another, on such a day as this seem to be overcome with modesty, rheumatism and remorse.

Among the morning sports were Riding the Ponies; the Sack Race; the Potato Race for Ladies, won by Miss Beal; the Pop Drinking Contest



Watermelons and the Gilbert Family

in which the ladies showed a lamentable lack of practice in opening ginger ale bottles; the Pipe Race, borrowed with thanks from Camp Benson, from which Stan Morrill came home puffing vigorously at a T.D. pipe without a hole in its stem; and the Pie Race for Boys, from which Kenneth Whitten and Kenneth Sargent emerged as victors, covered with glory and blueberry pie.

Dinner under the big top was a gratifying success. A crew under Harry Severance had constructed a platform, covered with a hardwood floor, over which the circus tent had been erected. The entire job was done in a short time and in a workmanlike manner. George Farrar acted as Chef for the day and was assisted by a capable corps of workers. Charlie Benjamin, resplendent in a white jacket and black tie, shuffled around in great form as head waiter. The dinner was fully up to George Farrar's standard. After dinner, Rev. Philip W. Kerridge, D.D. of New London, acting in behalf of the assembled gathering, presented to Mr. Gilbert a mantel clock in recognition of his twenty-fifth year

as Manager of the Spruce Wood Department. Concluding a graceful speech with a few remarks happily descriptive of the gift, the speaker said in part, "We hope, Mr. Gilbert, that you will like this gift. It has an open face; its hands are never idle. It always speaks the truth. It never strikes for more money, it only strikes for more time. We hope that its presence in your home will always be a reminder to you of the loyalty and good will of your employees." Mr. Gilbert's response was marked by deep feeling. He remarked that twenty-five years ago, when he joined the company, he knew every man who worked for him by his first name and they knew him by his. With the development of the company and the constantly growing organization he had found it increasingly hard to keep in close touch with his men. New faces appeared which he did not know. But he wanted his employees to feel that he always had their interest at heart. In conclusion he expressed his appreciation of the gift and his pleasure in such celebrations as that of Labor Day, when the widely separated members of the Spruce Wood family could get together, if only for one day in the year.



Nearing the Finish

After dinner, the crowd took the walk thru the birch grove to the farmhouse, where a Baby Parade was staged, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert presenting flowers to each child. The arrangements for caring for the younger children were a novel feature of the day. Children under

*Continued on Page 14*

GNPCO

*Diligence overcomes difficulties, sloth makes them*





*Who is strong? He that can conquer his bad habits*



All communications for *The Northern* should be sent to the editor of *The Northern*, Greenville, Maine.

### Money Misery

A group of men were talking earnestly on a vital subject. These questions were raised: "What think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes ruin the country?" The company gave an attentive ear to the spokesman. He proceeded as follows:

"Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *idleness*, three times as much by our *pride*, and four times as much by our *folly*, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement."

The above dissertation is taken from Poor Richard's Almanac of 1758. The problem of high taxation is not a new one. During the last 150 years the taxes paid by idleness, pride and folly have not decreased. It is a true but trite saying that the problem is not so much the high cost of living as the cost of living high. Many people fail to count the cost of luxuries. They see other people apparently "getting by" with expensive cars and costly vacations and feel if others can afford it they can. There is little excuse for a man indulging in luxuries before his income is greater than the cost of the necessities of life. The easy payment plan, so well advertised today, is anything but easy. It is costly and causes many a man to mortgage his future and the future of his family to satisfy the taxes placed upon him by pride. In other words,

we need Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield; "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditures nineteen, nineteen six—result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditures twenty pounds nothing and six—result misery."

### Iodine

During the war many soldiers came to the conclusion that iodine and salts were all the medical department had for medicine. As a matter of fact it is surprising how much good can be accomplished with these two remedies when properly used. They are found in all our camps. The emphasis placed upon immediate use of first aid has led to the abuse of iodine in the woods. Doctors tell us that the incorrect use of iodine has sometimes caused more trouble than would have been caused by failure to use it. Excessive use of iodine makes a burn nearly as bad as that made by steam. One employer who had just paid a doctor for treating iodine burns remarked that he felt like searching men's kits for iodine and removing it.

Here are a few suggestions as to the right use of this valuable antiseptic. Iodine should be put in a cut and immediately around the cut but only where necessary. One application is sufficient for twenty-four hours. If the cut is deep the

iodine should be put in by some such arrangement as cotton on a toothpick but it should never be poured into a wound. The injured part should not be bandaged until the iodine is dry. Neither should iodine be poured on a bandaged cut.

Use iodine but don't abuse it.

### Who's Who In This Issue

The Sandy Stream Song together with the introductory note from the Lewiston Journal are reproduced in the form used by Roland P. Gray in "Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks." The "Calf Path" was sent in by someone in the Bangor Office. The author, Sam W. Foss, is recognized as the writer of the well known poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." Mr. William J. Dow of Portland drew the page to illustrate the Labor Day celebration. Mr. Dow spent several days with us sketching. Though he has sketched and painted extensively abroad, especially in Italy and France, he writes: "I have seen quite a bit of the world and I can truthfully say that I have never seen a finer country nor met nicer people than I did while on this trip." The bottom lines this month were all taken from Benjamin Franklin's work "Poor Richard's Almanac."

### Overworked Dollar

You must learn not to overwork a dollar any more than you would a horse. Three percent is a small load for it to draw; six a safe one; when it pulls ten for you it's likely working out West and you've got to watch to see that it doesn't buck; when it makes twenty, you own a blame good critter or a mighty foolish one, and you want to make dead sure which; but if it draws a hundred it's playing the races or something just as hard on horses and dollars; and the first thing you know you won't have even a carcass to haul to the glue factory.

—George Horace Lorimer.

For when The One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, he writes: not what you won or lost but how you played the game.

### Mind Your Own Business

THE man who shoots off his mouth and kills a good name deserves as much punishment as that other type of prize idiot, who shoots off a gun without noticing where it is pointed. The fact that neither one knows "It is loaded" doesn't heal the hurt.

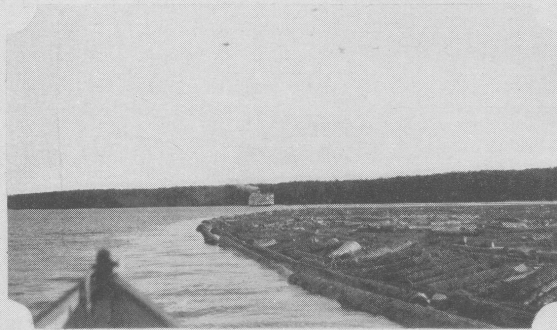
—Herbert Kaufman

GNPCOM

*Many have quarrel'd about religion, that never practiced it*



Atop Katahdin



The Katahdin Towing Boom



Hovel at  
Little Sourdnehunk  
Farm



C.A. Smith  
at Camp Benson

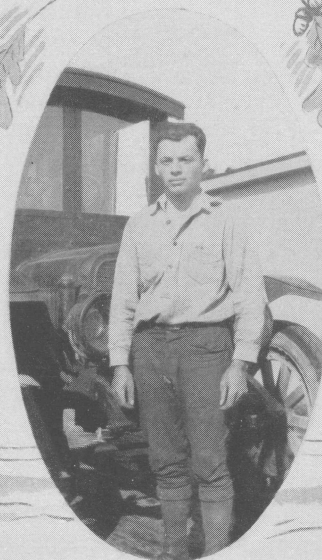


Henry Hood and Mascot  
on the Speeder



Chesuncook Dam

FRONT ROW  
GEO. GUNN, GEO. MAGUIRE, ALEC GUNN  
REAR ROW  
FRANK SCHOPPE, Wm. HODGINS, L.G. WHITE



Donat Dubay



"Billy" Williamson

GNPCOV

We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness





## Northern News



### Swift Brook Operation

An operation has been started here under the supervision of Mr. Enman. George F. Price will act as clerk. The office of the operation is at Davidson, but the camps are four miles in from the railroad.

The contracting firm of Murphy and Burr, the members of which are well known individually as Connie Murphy and Charlie Burr, have a contract. J. Harold Whitehead will clerk for them and Gus Quirk will do the cooking.

William Murphy, for several years associated with Thomas McLean, also has a contract. Mrs. Murphy has already arrived to cook for her husband's crew.

Ben King completes the list of jobbers at Swift Brook Operation. Mose Gorman will cook for him.

A. B. French has been appointed forester of the operation and Sedric Scott will scale for William Murphy.

N. A. Smith paid a visit to us on September 16.

### Seboomook

Seboomook welcomed the largest crowd on Labor Day that had ever visited it at one time. Years ago the Ancient and Honorable Artillery made an excursion to this place at which timetwohundred and seventy-five people sat down to dinner. On Labor Day, however, there were four hundred people at each meal, and many others came to witness the sports.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Wardwell have closed their home here.

Dr. A. C. Stoney and his party have returned to New York.

The floor of the new tent platform is being oiled to protect it this winter. George Crossman and Win Ryder are doing this work.

Arthur McFadden is driving the White truck in the absence of Leo Boutin. Mr. Boutin has taken his

family to his old home in Canada for a visit. This will be the first time he has seen his father in twenty-two years.

F. Adrian Murphy has gone with his parents and Junior to Jackman. He will later go to Calais where Mrs. Murphy is visiting her family.

The Boarding House has been pretty busy all month.

Mr. Roberge has run a telephone line from his camp to a box at the road, just across from the Boarding House.

A. J. Bertrand is filling in here in the absence of Mr. Murphy.

Gerald Gartley has come up to take Albert Heckman's place as fire patrolman. He hopes to bring Mrs. Gartley here for the remainder of the season. They will occupy the tent formerly used by the Murphys.

Albert Heckman has returned to school. He will enter the U. of M.

George Cassidy of Caucomgomoc Dam visited us on the 7th.

Mrs. William Johnston has returned to Northeast Carry.

Mr. C. A. Ambrose of the Cashiers Office made a business trip to this section during the absence of H.J. Casey.

Altho the people of Seboomook had an opportunity to see the motion pictures there on Labor Day, the season really began on September 16 when a large gathering witnessed Johnny Hines adventures as an Independent Milkman. Folks were present from Pittston Farm, Seboomook Dam and the vicinity of Seboomook.

### Greenville

Leonce Thibodeau, who pitched for the Shop on Labor Day was operated on for appendicitis a few days afterward. He is at the Dean Hospital in Greenville and is coming along very well.

Miss Annette Matthews of Hamp-

den visited Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead during the month.

S. W. Morin of Seboomook visited Greenville during the month.

Lee ("Happy") McCullough, who has been working on Brassua Dam, was seen in Greenville as he was buying his ticket for another "exploring" trip. He plans to take in Toledo, Ohio and several other mid-western towns before his return.

Mike McInnis has gone to Boston to visit his sisters.

Angus Miller has returned from Chesuncook to have further medical attention to his right hand which was injured some time ago.

The work on the Great Northern Paper Company's lots in the Greenville Cemetery has been completed.

The wedding of Miss Mona Brown of Merrill, Maine, and Mr. Howard McFadden of Greenville took place on September 22 at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead. Mr. Hempstead performed the ceremony, the double ring service being used. After a reception, Mr. and Mrs. McFadden left on their wedding journey. On their return they will reside at Greenville Junction.

### Grindstone

The news of the death of Harry McDonald in Bangor was learned with much regret by all his friends in the woods. He had been associated with Thomas McLean at Rainbow the winter before last and had been a member of the clerical force at Grindstone last winter. Mr. McDonald was a very efficient clerk, straightforward in all his dealings and having the confidence of all his men. His fellow employees join in extending their sincere sympathy to his bereaved widow.

Mr. J. E. Taylor, our cook, has arrived back from Fredericton where he spent his vacation. His family will return about Sept. 21.

GNPCOM

*The sting of reproach is the truth of it*

The ground has been cleared on which is to be built a conveyor about 520 feet long, with 3 Extension Conveyors going toward the pile for loading onto Tractor sleds the large pile of wood at Grindstone. Electric Power may be used to run these conveyors. Mr. W. A. Erskine will be foreman of the construction work on these conveyors..

After a long time waiting for water the recent rains have made it possible for Mr. Enman to resume his driving on Schoodic Stream. He expects to get this drive below the railroad bridge a distance of about six miles from where he started the rear. John Bryce and Paul Turner are taking charge of the crew on Schoodic Stream Drive.

Washburn Conveyor is to be dismantled and shipped to Grindstone to be used in building Grindstone Conveyor.

James Hayes and Harold Sargent are dismantling Washburn Conveyor.

Joe Babineau is now our bull-cook at the Depot Camps.

Building No. 448 with the Bath Room and other conveniences is completed with the exception of the heating plant.

Mr. Geo. F. Price who has been with us since Oct. 21, 1924, has left us to clerk the Swift Brook Operation at Davidson, Maine.

We suspect that it must have seemed like old times to Mr. Mac Neill when recently he spent the night at the driving camp on Schoodic Stream.

### Rockwood

Mr. Albion G. Hilton has taken his family to Waterville where they will be located this winter.

Maurice P. Hill is working at Pittston Farm in the absence of William Harrington. Mrs. Hill is visiting at 10 Mile.

The first motion picture of the season was shown at Rockwood Hall on September 15. Johnny Hines in "The Early Bird" was viewed by a gathering that filled the hall.

A. J. Bertrand, who has been filling in on clerical work at various operations, spent some time recently at Kineo.

Miss Kathleen Sargent left on September 8 to attend Farmington Normal School. William Sargent has returned to his classes at Van Buren.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy spent a week in Waterville and Lewiston during the early part of the month. On the 17th they left for a short stay in Jackman.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacey and son Clarence of Saugus, Massachusetts, spent a recent week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cochrane of Rockwood.

Mr. E. S. Carleton of Dorchester, Massachusetts, has been visiting company operations on the west side of Moosehead Lake.

Mrs. Jasmine has left Rockwood Boarding House. Miss Pease is now doing the table work there.

Mrs. Sterling Dymond came up from Bangor for the Labor Day celebration.

Harold Sargent expects to enter the Bliss Electrical School at Washington, D. C.

The Mount Kineo House has closed for the season.

The lecture on "Jerusalem" with stereopticon slides which Rev. W. J. Moulton, President of the Bangor Theological Seminary, delivered here soon after Labor Day was very well liked.

### Bangor Office

The wedding of Miss Margaret Irene Higgins and Mr. Harold J. Casey took place at St. John's Church in Bangor on the 12th of September. Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan, P. R. officiated at the nuptial mass. A wedding breakfast was served at the Bangor House, after which Mr. and Mrs. Casey left by automobile for a two weeks trip to Atlantic City and other points of interest. On their return they will occupy their new residence at 128 Norway Road. Mr. Casey and his bride have the best wishes of the entire Northern family.

Mr. Webster Brown and Miss M. Eleanor Hicks were recently married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hicks.

On September 2 at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. St. J. Murray, Miss Frances Kent of Boston became the bride of Mr. Joseph Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Murray left shortly after the ceremony on their honeymoon journey, after which they will make their home in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Earl Brown, Ira Barker and Delmont Tasker were in the cast which presented the comedy, "The Hottentot," at the Good Will Farm, Hinckley, on Saturday evening, September 19.

Mr. Wm. St. J. Murray has recently moved from Hampden to Orono.

### Loon Stream Caucomgomoc Lake Road

Carl Hegstrom has returned from a three weeks vacation in Massachusetts and New York, during which his place was taken by Raymond Murray.

George Rooney who has been cooking here left on September 15, his place being taken by Fred Burns who is now acting as our chef.

Joe Daugherty who has been stationed at Allagash Lookout passed through September 15 on the way to his home.

George Cassidy, who is located at the foot of Caucomgomoc Lake is an occasional visitor. Wallace Nichols, who sometimes accompanies him to this point for the mail, says that business at Allagash Carry has been unusually good this summer.

### Seboomook Dam

Rev. Philip W. Kerridge, D.D. of New London, Connecticut with his son, Louis Kerridge, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Errold F. Hilton early in the month.

O. E. Dickinson and T. V. Whelan, fire wardens on Nulhedus and Green mountains, respectively, have been visiting the camp of the chief warden during the recent rainy spell. A new wing has been added to the camp. Mr. Dickinson will later go to Russell mountain, Don Dressel having returned to his classes at the U. of M.

We are much obliged to Gerald

GNPCO

*A good example is the best sermon*

Averill for his assistance in getting the mail up to the fire warden on Russell mountain. Gerald stops in every morning on his way by to see if there is any mail to go up. We understand he also carries the mail for the road crew at Caucomgomoc.

Bill Stewart with a small crew consisting of Leigh Brown, Pat Tremblay and Adelard Breton have been repairing the damage at Seboomook Dam caused by the storm.

### Pittston Farm

Wm. Harrington left on the 8th of September for his annual vacation. We all wish Bill a pleasant trip and will be glad to welcome him back to the old stand.

Gerald F. ("Cannon-ball") Baker completed his duties as fire patrolman on September 15 and has entered upon his senior year at the University of Maine. He expects to join the U. of M. Forestry School which will open on this side of the lake sometime in November.

Weekend guests at Pittston preceding the Labor Day celebration at Seboomook were Mr. and Mrs. A. V. MacNeill, L. G. White and N. A. Smith.

The stereopticon lecture on "Jerusalem" which was given here by Rev. Warren J. Moulton, D.D. was very much enjoyed. The pictures were beautiful and the speaker, narrating his experiences in the Holy City, held his audience with rare skill.

Dr. and Mrs. Harmon Smith of New York with their son have been occupying a camp near Pittston Farm for the past two months. They left for home on the 16th of the month. The doctor and his family have made many friends during their stay here and will be welcomed back another season.

Dan Maher, the Bangor photographer, visited the farm during the month. He secured some pictures of the celebration at Seboomook.

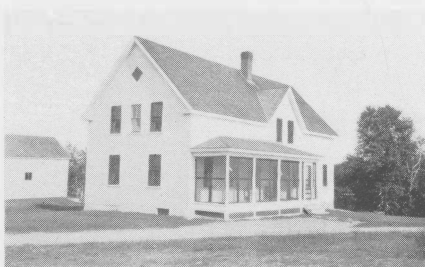
Mr. F. A. Gilbert and his family enjoyed a holiday at their camp on 3rd St. John's Pond recently.

Earl Vickery was a guest at the farm one day last month. Mrs. Vickery joined him at Rockwood on Labor Day. We are always glad to

see the Vickerys but Earl's ability as a cribbage player leaves much to be desired.

The terrific storm on the afternoon of September 12 will long be remembered. It seemed to strike out of a clear sky and the wind and lightning vied with each other as to which could fell the larger number of trees. The deluge of rain which followed removed all danger of forest fires for a time.

It has just come to light that when Fred Stait was on his vacation in Boston he attended the exhibit at Horticultural Hall of the New England Association of Undertakers and Embalmers. After a gruelling cross-examination, Mr. Stait broke down and confessed all. Someone had given him a free ticket.



### Rice Farm

The party of Great Northern men who climbed Katahdin last month started from Rice Farm. In the party were L. G. White, N. A. Smith, R. V. Canders, Clifford Kenney, O. A. Harkness, A. G. Hempstead and Alex Dionne. We hear that a most enjoyable time was had by all.

### Lily Bay

Walter Gerry has left for Van Buren where he will continue his studies at St. Mary's College.

Wm. Clarkins is in charge of a small road crew working out of Lily Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Murray of Bangor motored to Lily Bay to visit their son, Freeman Murray, who is assisting Mr. Harmon. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Guy P. DeMerritt and Arthur Murray, all of Bangor.

Fred W. Covell, paymaster, has returned from his vacation which was spent at Gott's Island.

The storm which took place here September 12 caused quite a bit of damage to the telephone lines between Grant Farm and Ripogenus Dam. Mr. Willard immediately put a crew on to repair the damage. It was found necessary to put in twelve new poles.

L. G. White and L. A. O'Connell passed thru on their way to operations further up-river and J. F. Daley remained here several days.

Hay pressing has started at Chesuncook where the crew will press about thirty-five tons of hay. From there the crew will come to Grant Farm.

Police Inspector O. A. Saunders and party of Brockton, Mass. spent the night here on September 14.

The folks of Lily Bay and vicinity enjoyed a very fine motion picture show which was put on by the Social Service Division. People came from Kokadjo and Greenville to participate. Among those present was Mrs. Emma Hempstead mother of Mr. A. G. Hempstead. After the pictures, Mrs. Gerry served cake and coffee.

### Division of Forest Engineering.

A. B. French has gone to Davidson as inspector of that operation this winter.

Deane F. Chase who has been with the State Highway this summer is again with us and is on the Churchill-Eagle Lake Flowage with E. W. Vickery's crew.

F. J. McDonald and Guy H. Sturgis, Jr. have returned to the University of Maine.

L. E. Houghton has completed his survey work on the Eagle-West Branch Road.

M. P. Mehann is inspecting the Tomhegan Operation this year.

H. W. Wright spent Labor Day week end touring in New Brunswick, visiting St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock and other places.

Wm. Hilton is having a foundation put under his sun-parlor at his residence on James Street.

Wm. Dubay has joined E. W. Vickery's crew on the Churchill Lake Flowage Survey.

P. J. Murdock spent his vacation

GNPCO

*Vice knows she's ugly, so puts on her mask*



in Springfield and at his camp on Duck Lake. He reports fishing in the lake is not what it used to be.

### **S. L. and St. J. Railroad**

Sias Hill and Musquacook have no monopoly on the bear market. We hear that game is very plentiful along the railroad. Bears are numerous and as many as thirty deer have been counted in a herd. Jim Sheehan who is the watchman and fire patrolman at Camp 8, reports that his camp was visited by Old Bruin lately. Jimmie was enjoying a pipeful of tobacco about dusk when to his amazement the shaggy visitor came out of the bushes and walked across the dooryard to the cookroom. Here he picked up a five gallon keg of molasses and, carrying it to a hollow in the road nearby, he pulled out the stopper and poured out the molasses. The bear then returned the keg with about two quarts of molasses left in it to the cookroom, setting it down where he found it. Going back to the road Bruin proceeded to satisfy his craving for sweets. The next evening he returned with two other bears, probably his wife and family. We understand that Jimmie has sent a rush order to the Bangor Office for some heavy artillery.

C. C. Burke and Ed Skillinger paid a visit to George Farrar at 3rd St. John's Pond. Mr. Burke has since returned for a further stay.

Henry Hood and O. E. Dickinson were at Seboomook on Labor Day.

### **Sias Hill**

A crew under Harry Severance has taken possession of Sias Hill. A ditch is being dug in which pipes will be laid connecting the well and the garage. A new gravel roof will also be laid on the garage. It is possible that other improvements will be made at the place in the near future.

Among those working at the place are Guy Boober, who is cooking, Bill Pelkey, Ray Potter, Frank Kendall, Charles Severance, James Ryan, Arthur Smith, Paul Boyington.

Archie McLeod is still at his post here. The cars have been dropping off in numbers lately, but there will

be a noticeable increase once the hunting season is on.

### **Greenville Shop**

The best news that has struck the shop in a long while is that Howard McFadden is back in Greenville again. Howard paid us a visit recently and we were all mighty glad to learn that he is improving after his unfortunate accident.

Motor Boat No. 30 has been completed and moved out of the shop. William Patterson motored to Boston on his vacation.

Walter Cole came out second in the rifle shoot at Seboomook. Well, we can't always be first, Walter, and variety is the spice of life.

The Franklin car formerly used by Mr. Hempstead has been turned in and he is now using a Stutz Sedan.



### **Hurricane**

The road crew moved out of Hurricane Depot some time ago, and "Gus" Green is clerking the Ranney Book job from 40 Mile.

The Telephone Crew is making its headquarters at Hurricane, but this work, it is thought, will be completed in a few more weeks.

Gene Le Clair has taken a pair of horses in to the halfway camp at Lobster Lake and a small crew will follow to get wood cut there and the camp fixed up for the use of the patrolman this winter.

Raymond Willard has returned to school in Auburn.

Joe Guay is cookeeing here. Arthur Beaulieu has gone to Bangor. Peter McDuffy has also gone to Bangor.

Frank McCormick who is in at Ranney Brook, is a frequent and welcome caller.

Alec McAskill has left the Telephone Crew.

On a recent visit, Mr. A. G. Hempstead donned a pair of climbers and took his first lesson in climbing a telephone pole.

### **Ripogenus Dam**

C. M. Buckley, our efficient fire patrolman, leaves for his home in Medford, Massachusetts on September 21. He will return to his classes at Boston College.

A. R. Brown of R. B. Dunning Company spent a week at Sourdna-hunk Stream.

O. A. Harkness and his family spent a night at Ripogenus Cottage recently.

Mr. Vose, manager of the Lombard Tractor Company, with Mrs. Vose spent a weekend here during the month.

The camping parties are getting fewer in number. There are only two at Frost Pond at present.

Miss Lena McEachern has again been engaged to teach school here this fall. The sessions will begin on September 28.

Mrs. McInnis and Fred visited Bangor during the month.

### **Blair Farm**

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Page and their son Everett, together with Mrs. Will Page journeyed to Seboomook for the festivities of Labor Day. Archie McMullen and Mr. Murray accompanied them. Mr. Will Page remained at the farm in order that the others might be able to attend.

Everett Page has since left for Farmington Normal School where he intends to fit himself for the teaching profession.

Two horses have left for Harry Severance's job at Sias Hill.

Two of our other horses have gone to Lobster Lake where they will work for the Telephone Crew.

The crops having all been gathered, most of the time is now being spent in plowing.

### **Northeast Carry**

F. X. Mooney has taken his family to Bangor.

D. M. Pearson has returned to his work here after his operation for

*GNPCO*

*He that would catch fish must venture his bait*

appendicitis. We were very glad to have him back with us.

A. V. MacNeil and C. M. Brosnahan made the first trip over the road from Seboomook in an automobile during the month. Errold F. Hilton covered a good deal of the way on a previous date, but did not get all the way by car.

A crew under Arthur Paquet has been staying at the farm while cutting wood in the vicinity. This crew numbered forty men at times, but they have since dwindled to a very few. Emile Leavitt is scaling for them.

### Chesuncook Dam

George Maguire has also had a crew go up to work on the Chamberlain road.

E. E. Ricker has gone down river for a brief vacation.

Mrs. Woodbury Gerrish has come up to spend a short time with her husband here. The Gerrishes are tenting on the point.

Harry Rollins has a crew pressing hay at Gero Island. The men are boarding at Anse Smith's in Chesuncook.

### The Labor Day Celebration

*Continued from Page 6*

seven were welcome at the Children's Playground, where sandpiles, seesaws, swings and other amusements filled in the time. A separate menu was served the children at the farmhouse, the mothers being thus relieved of their care during the day. Mrs. A. G. Hempstead had charge of all arrangements concerning the children, being assisted by six young ladies of Greenville. Don Pearson of Northeast Carry, who offered his services as general handy man, also donned an armband and made a stunning looking nurse.

The Rifle Match followed. This event was under the supervision of Paul Brown; Dr. A. C. Stoney of New York acted as judge. The match proved a popular attraction, Gerald Averill taking first prize by a single point over Walter Cole.

A five inning baseball game was next on the program in which a team



Labor Day Sports

picked from the woods defeated the Greenville Wrench Swingers to the merry tune of 10 to 2. Clarence Sargent occupied the mound for the up-river team and Leonce Thibodeau of the Telephone Crew was loaned for the day to pitch for the Shop. It was a good game and Mr. Chaplin umpired with his usual success.

The Tug of War between Mr. MacNeill's team and Mr. Harkness' team came next. Mr. Harkness' men pulled the other side off their feet but were disqualified because several well meaning individuals in the crowd took hold of the rope.

In the One-Man Saw Race immediately following, Al MacNeill was again victorious. Mr. Ordway sawed his way thru the stick first but as the stick happened to be rotten he was only given second place. Fred Gilbert of Greenville finished next in order but did not saw the stick entirely off. His friends hopped on the end and broke it off.

Adjourning to the wharf for the water sports, it was found necessary to eliminate the swimming race and the greased pole contest, owing to the low temperature of the water. A stirring Double Canoe Race in rough water was staged, Walter Cole and Ab Murray coming first. It was considered too dangerous to put on a single canoe race in such water.

In the Batteau Race, a memorable event, Al MacNeill with his crew, Jim Sargent, Earl Vickery, George Cassidy and Fred Gilbert of Greenville defeated the Theriault twins, Andrew and John, with their crew, Joe Dallaire, Bobby Moore and Cal Gunn. As one of the batteaux had sprung a leak, this race was run against time, the winning crew coming in over the mile course in four minutes and forty-three seconds.

Horseshoes and croquet were indulged in while waiting for supper, the principal attraction of which

### 🐾 Horse Sense 🐾

Loyalty is like a double-bit-  
ted axe—it works both ways.

Brains are needed to fill a  
big man's shoes.

It takes two to make a  
quarrel.

Success in eight words—  
"First see through it; then  
see it through."

The time to take stock is  
when the bin is low.

If you can't boost the com-  
pany you work for, then  
work for the company you  
can boost.

GNPCO

*Fear God, and your enemies will fear you*

were beanhole beans. After supper, prizes were distributed to the winners and the folks who had to leave Seboomook by boat swept down upon the Katahdin, which left her moorings for the trip down the lake about six o'clock.

For those who remained at Seboomook for the evening, motion pictures were shown in the dining tent. Johnny Hines in "The Cracker-jack" was the offering and it met with a cheerful reception. A brief motion picture program was shown on the boat from Seboomook to Kineo. A quartet of Chesuncook Dam warblers, under the direction of Charlie Severance, contributed their services all the way to Greenville without charge.

The gratitude of the Social Service Division is tendered to all who assisted in making the day a success, and to the following in particular: Mr. J. O. Wardwell, who provided cigars for the gathering and loaned us his canoes and motor boat for the water sports; Dr. A. C. Stoney, who acted as judge of the rifle match and gave the first prize for that event; C. M. Brosnahan, R. V. Canders and J. P. Hayes, who acted as judges and timers; Fred Covell, who enjoyed himself taking tickets and the Messrs. Cochrane, Severance, Lowe and Murphy, who acted as scorers.

### The Head Cookee

The head cookee is an impressive person. Not for him to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water! He has long since served his apprenticeship at those humble tasks and now has his mind on higher things. Does he not shadow the cook about, put the codfish to soak, prepare many of the meats, change the water on the beans and supervise the setting of the table? Does he not actually *serve* the meal, it being a point of honor or tradition or something that once a meal is on the table the cook's connection with it is over?

Then of all times is our hero in his element. He receives newcomers at the door and shows them to their places, the cook meanwhile adopting an air of great detachment beside the

cakeboard. If it is a second setup, the head cookee will produce plates and dippers out of the air, apparently, along with the necessary weapons, and before the visitor has had time to squeeze in between his neighbors, will have slammed them down under his astonished but delighted nose. After deliberately enticing an old friend into a warm and interesting conversation, he will point to a sign reading, "NO TALKING AT TABLE" and walk rapidly off, leaving them to their thoughts, which are of a mixed nature. In the manner of the waiter who whispers confidentially in one's ear, "The halibut is very fine today, sir," he is apt to slap one on the shoulder and remark, "Them doughnuts is not too bad, Joe," or "Don't be afraid of that there cornbread, Mister Man!"

Many head cookees graduate into cooks but there are others who never have the desire to reach that glittering eminence. Our most famous veteran has been a head cookee for twenty-five years. It is a comfortable sort of job and, aside from the fact that log floors are hard on the arches, has no drawbacks that we have been able to discover. In the middle of winter, when those unfortunate youths, the other cookees are wrestling with their courage and the woodpile, the head cookee peels potatoes or cuts bread or cake and enjoys the warmth within. In those first stifling days of June on the drive when the other boys lug lunch, he remains modestly behind and advises the cook at solitaire. He *may* wash dishes, but he has at least never been caught at it.

There is one duty, however, that he will relegate to no one, however distinguished. It is the ceremony known as "drying the silverware," otherwise the knives, forks and spoons. The technique of placing those articles in a large white bean bag sacredly kept for that purpose and of shaking them vigorously up and down and from side to side until dry is one of the things that no mere upstart without years of experience to his credit could be expected to master.

### A Fool There Was

By Sam Keifer

A fool there was and he drove a jit—  
Even as you and I.  
He loaded his folks and his camp outfit  
And sought out the mountains high.  
He found him a place that looked right nice  
Where the grass was green and the waters iced,  
Where the song birds sang and the stately trees  
Hummed a sleepy tune in the summer breeze.  
He made his camp and he fished the creek  
While his kiddies played in the shade,  
Cleansing their bodies and rinsing their souls  
In a Paradise God had made.  
A restful stay for a couple of days  
Then the open road and away  
Leaving behind in the timbers shade  
The rubbish and trash his camp had made.  
"It doesn't look nice but we don't care,  
We never expect to come back again!"  
So he drives away and a slumbering spark  
Glowed bright that night in a national park  
Where the wind stirred the ashes gray.  
Yea, he was a fool—this tourist gay;  
And he might have been you or I;  
But he never will make that camp again  
No matter how far he drives,  
For the stately trees and the sparkling pool,  
The carpet of grass that was green and cool  
Have been seared by the hand of a careless fool  
That might have been you or I.  
For that slumbering spark in the ashes gray  
Was a roaring Hell at the dawn next day—  
While the fool drives away o'er the mountain's crest  
In his jitney tour of the Golden West.

GNPCOR

*Bad gains are truly losses*



## Good Timber

The tree that never had to fight  
For sun and sky and air and light,  
That stood out in the open plain,  
And always got its share of rain,  
Never became a forest king  
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil,  
Who never had to win his share,  
Of sun and sky and light and air,  
Never became a manly man  
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;  
The stronger wind, the tougher trees.  
The farther sky, the greater length;  
The more the storm, the more the strength;  
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,  
In tree or man good timber grows.

Where thickest stands the forest growth  
We find the patriarchs of both,  
And they hold converse with the stars  
Whose broken branches show the scars  
Of many winds and much of strife—  
This is the common law of life.

—Selected